



SIR JOHN DENHAM

From an original Picture in the Collection of Lord Chesterfield.

Cock f.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London Decr 1779.

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Printed for Joh



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BELL'S EDITION
 The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE; FROM
 CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



D E N H A M

Her fainting hand let fall the sword, besmear'd
 With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd
Death of Bido. p. 87.

Roberts del.

Delattre sc.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London, Dec^r. 31th 1779.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN DENHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Bear me, oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)---
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.----
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley sung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?

POPE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN DENHAM.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANIES, || SONGS,
EPISTLES, || TRANSLATIONS,

Vol. I. Vol. II. Vol. III.

-----Tread with respectful awe
Windfor's green glades, where DENHAM, tuneful Bard!
Charm'd once the lift'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade!
To glean submit what thy full fickle leaves.

SOMERVILLE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.



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THE LIFE OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

OF Sir John Denham very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himself.

He was born at Dublin in 1615, and was the only son of Sir John Denham of Little Horshley in Essex, some time Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret Moore, baron of Mellefont. In 1617, upon his father's being made one of the Barons of the Exchequer in England, our Author was brought from his native country, and received his grammatical education in London.

In 1631, being then sixteen years of age, young Denham was entered a Gentleman Commoner in Trinity College, Oxford; "where," according to Anthony Wood, "being looked upon as a slow dreaming young man, and more addicted to gaming than study, they could never imagine he would ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain, as he afterwards did;" for he then gave no prognostics of future eminence, nor was suspected to conceal, under sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

He resided three years in the university; and, after going through the proper academical exercises, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had afterwards chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and for some time prosecuted the Common Law with sufficient appearance of application; yet did not lose his propensity towards gaming, but was frequently plundered by gamblers. However, being severely chid by his father, who threatened to disinherit him if he did not reform, he professed, and perhaps believed, himself reclaimed; and, to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published *An Essay upon Gaming*, which he presented to his father, to convince him of his detestation of it. Notwithstanding this, his father dying in 1638, he was so imprudent as to squander away several thousands in gratifying a passion which he seemingly so much detested.

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for in 1636 he translated the second book of the *Æneid*.

In 1641 he published *The Sophy*, which was acted at a private house in Blackfriars with great applause. This seems to have given him his first claim to public attention; for Waller remarked, "that he broke out
" like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong,
" when no body was aware, or in the least suspected
" it;" an observation void of propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

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He was soon after pricked for High Sheriff of the county of Surrey, having an estate at Egham in that county, and appointed Governor of Farnham Castle; but his skill in military affairs not being extensive, he resigned that charge, and went to King Charles I. then at Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill* *.

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence :

* This poem was printed at Oxford in 1643, and was afterwards several times reprinted. The editions after the Restoration differ considerably from the preceding ones. In 1676 it was translated into Latin verse by Mr. Moses Pengry, of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, and published under the title of *Cooper's Hill Latine redditum, ad Nobilissimum Dominum Gulielmum Dominum Carvendish, Honoratissimi Domini Gulielmi Comititis Devotionis Filium Unicum.*

Mr. Dryden, speaking of this poem, says, that "for the majesty of the style it is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." And the noble author of *An Essay on Human Life* observes, that "Cooper's Hill has met with universal applause, though its subject seems rather descriptive than instructive: but it is not the Hill, the River, nor the Stag-chase, it is the good sense, and the fine reflections, so frequently interspersed, and, as it were, interwoven with the rest, that gives it the value, and will make it, as was said of true wit, everlasting like the sun." Mr. Pope also celebrates this beautiful poem in the following lines of his *Windsor Forest*.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless;
Bear me, oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;

a report was spread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of his *Cato*, and Pope of his *Essay on Criticism*.

In 1647 the distresses of the Royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was intrusted by the Queen with a message to the King, who was then in the hands of the army; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his intercession, admission was procured. Of the King's condescension he has given an account in the Dedication of this volume.

After this he was employed in carrying on the King's correspondence; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the Royalists; and being afterwards discovered by the adverse party's

To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
Here the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.

Mr. Somerville, also, has the following lines on our Author.

-----Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful Bard!
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade!
To glean submits what thy full sickle leaves.

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knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he happily escaped, both for himself and his friends.

In April 1648 he conveyed James Duke of York (then under the tuition of Algernon Earl of Northumberland) from London into France, and delivered him to the Queen and Prince of Wales*. This year he published his translation of Cato Major.

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled King; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses.

About this time Mr. Denham was joined with William, afterwards Lord Crofts, in an embassy from Charles II. to the King of Poland. Whilst in Poland he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scots who traded in that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the

* So says Wood; but Lord Clarendon asserts that the Duke went off with Col. Bamfield only, who contrived the means of his escape.

multitude of Scotsmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not small the success of this negotiation gives sufficient evidence.

Mr. Denham returned into England about the year 1652, and what estate the Civil war and the gamesters had left him being sold by order of the Parliament, he was kindly entertained by the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, with whom he continued near twelve months.

At the Restoration, Inigo Jones being dead, he obtained, what many missed, the reward of his loyalty, being made Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and at the coronation of Charles II. dignified with the order of the Bath.

After the Restoration he wrote the poem upon Prudence and Justice, and perhaps some of his other pieces; and as he appears, whenever any serious question comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he failed: but in sacred poetry who has succeeded?

From the indulgence of his royal master, joined to public esteem, there was reason to hope our Author might now be happy; but human felicity is short and uncertain: upon some discontent arising from a second

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marriage Sir John Denham became disordered in his understanding; but recovering from that disorder, he continued in great esteem for his poetical abilities, not only at court, but with all persons of taste and erudition; for he afterwards wrote his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley. Butler lampooned him for his lunacy; but it is not known whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

Sir John Denham died at his office near Whitehall in March 1668, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, Spenser, and Cowley.

Denham is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prior, "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He has given specimens of various composition, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with all mankind, the ambition of being, upon proper occasions, a merry fellow; and, in common with most of them, to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilarating than the ludicrousness of Denham. He does not fail for want of efforts: he is familiar, he is gross; but he is never merry, unless the Speech against Peace in the Close

Committee be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shews him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher is an image that has since been often adopted. The lines are,

Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred, slain.

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

"Poets are sultans, if they had their will,
"For every author would his brother kill."

And Pope,

"Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
"Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

But this is not the best of his little pieces; it is excelled by his poem to Fanshawe, and his elegy on Cowley. This elegy on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best, performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

His praise of Fanshawe's version of Guarini contains a very sprightly and judicious character of a good translator:

That fervile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line, &c.

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Cooper's Hill is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated Local Poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise; and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarce a corner of the island undignified by rhyme or blank verse.

Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry. The four verses which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known;

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The lines are in themselves not perfect; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to be understood simply on one side of the comparison, and metapho-

rically on the other; and if there be any language which does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated: but so much meaning is comprised in so few words; the particulars of resemblance are so perspicaciously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted, and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet, that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

Sir John Denham appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines, and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest, and deformed the most beautiful, parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions; some of them the works of men well qualified not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

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it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing, but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on Old Age has neither the clearness of prose nor the sprightliness of poetry. The strength of Denham, which Pope so emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk.

ON THE THAMES.

Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

ON STRAFFORD.

His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder and three kingdoms' fear;
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, altho'
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.

ON COWLEY.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered: it will afford that pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of right natural judgment forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice as he gains more confidence in himself.

In his translation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse.

-----Then all those
 Who in the dark our fury did escape,
 Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
 And differing dialect: then their numbers swell
 And grow upon us. First Chœrebus fell
 Before Minerva's altar: next did bleed
 Just Repheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
 In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
 Then Ilypanis and Dymas, wounded, by
 Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
 Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
 Ill fate could save. My country's funeral flame,
 And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
 To witness for myself, that in their fall
 No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
 Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets, which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which are not unfrequent in this first essay, but which, it is

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to be supposed, his maturer judgment disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborne them.

His rhymes are such as seem found without difficulty by following the sense, and are, for the most part, as exact at least as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get.

-----Oh how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who *return'd*
Clad in Achilles' spoils!-----

And again,

From thence a thousand lesser poets *sprung*,
Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome*.

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it.

-----Troy confounded falls
From all her glories: if it might have stood
By any power, by *this* right hand it *should*.
---And tho' my outward state misfortune *bath*
Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
---Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, against *whom*
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand fail.

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses: in one passage the word *die* rhymes three couplets in fix.

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, when he was less skilful, or at least less dexterous, in the use of words; and though they had been

more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength, of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

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TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your Royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the Queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me ; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen, (his Majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, Sir, I will not launch into an history instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, (being those to Sir R. Fanshawe) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since. He was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England ; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more ; alleging that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way ; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the

honour to wait upon him; and at his departure from Hampton-Court he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad; and I was furnished with nine several ciphers in order to it; which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded: but about nine months after, being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped, both for myself and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesty's expectation.

After, when your Majesty, departing from St. Germain's to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us:

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but these clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato, did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your Majesty's view; and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your Majesty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your Majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices till their vices forsake them; and that

this divorce was not *frigidity causa*, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an Humble Petition that your Majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty airy reputation of being *nimis poëta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

" Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

" Hic versus et cætera ludicra pono."

Your Majesty's most faithful

and loyal subject, and most

dutiful and devoted servant,

JO. DENHAM.

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MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court, 5
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height) 10
Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high, 15
That whether 't is a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse *, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height; 20
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.

* Mr. Waller.

Under his proud survey the City lies, 25
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems; 30
 Where with like haste, tho' several ways, they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein 35
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
 To be at once secure and innocent.
 Windsor for the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells 40
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
 But such a rise as doth at once invite 45
 A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load, 50
 Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.

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* Edw

When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant 55
'T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race 60
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle 65
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove) 70
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom 75
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son *,
(The Lilies which his father wore he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy Bellona *, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed but to thy fame, 80
 She to thy triumph led one captive king †,
 And brought that son which did the second † bring;
 Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move :)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less 85
 Than the design has been the great success,
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will, 90
 That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour ;
 To whom their better fate reserves whate'er 95
 The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear :
 That blood which thou and thy great grandfire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unpilt, and happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt had been his own. 100
 When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circle, he did seem
 But to foretel and prophesy of him

* Queen Philippa.

† The kings of France and Scotland.

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Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd, 105
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.

Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the faint. 110

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm 115
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)

Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?

Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? 120

Were these their crimes? they were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor, [more;
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;

And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame 125
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.

No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming, good.

Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame. 130

Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
 'Then did Religion in a lazy cell, 135
 In empty airy contemplations dwell,
 And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temp'rate region can be known
 Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone? 140
 Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure
 But to be cast into a calenture?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance 145
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
 And rather in the dark to grope our way
 Than led by a false guide to err by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land? 150
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
 'This desolation, but a Christian king;
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare, 155
 When such th' effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
 'Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays:

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Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons 161
By his old fire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold, 165
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring; 170
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil 175
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind; 180
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 't is, bestows it where it wants, 185
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme; 190
 Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes, 195
 To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please
 Us for herself with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight; 200
 Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move,
 For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord which did first disperse 205
 Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood. 210
 Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth † gaz'd here,

* The Forest.

† Narcissus.

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So fatally deceiv'd he had not been, 215
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows, 220
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives, 225
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard 230
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts, 235
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone. 240
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,

Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy, 245
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, should invade
 His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound 251
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
 Had given this false alarm, but straight his view 255
 Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 His winged heels, and then his armed head; 260
 With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chafers, and his ear the cry;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense 265
 Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
 Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd, 270

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His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chafes him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one 275
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own, 280
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife, 285
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd, 290
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 't is in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd, 295
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;

Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair. 300
 'Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
 Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood 305
 Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
 So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair. 310
 So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
 Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die 315
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die, 320
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursu'd *, and meant a prey 325
 To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

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When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down : 330
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear :
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood ; 335
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave ;
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray. 340
" Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
" Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts, but
spoils."

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold ;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give 345
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure 351
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure ;

But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells, 355
 First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars, 357
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S

TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, tho' all
 Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
 Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
 Which too much merit did accumulate.
 As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw, 5
 Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
 Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, altho'
 Each had an army, as an equal foe. 10
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
 And none was more a looker-on than he.
 So did he move our passions, some were known 15
 To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
 Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate,

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Now they could him if he could them forgive;
 He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live: 20
 Less seem those facts which Treason's nickname bore
 Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him express,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent, 25
 Enacting it should make no precedent.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown. 30

ON MY LORD CROFTS'
 AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND,

*From whence we brought 10,000*l.* for his Majesty,
 by the decimation of his Scottish subjects there.*

I.

TOLLE, tolle,
 Gentle bell! for the soul
 Of the pure ones in Pole,
 Which are damn'd in our scroll.

II.

Who having felt a touch
 Of Cockram's greedy clutch, 5
 Which tho' it was not much,
 Yet their stubbornness was such,

III.

That when we did arrive,
 'Gainst the stream we did strive; 10
 They would neither lead nor drive;

IV.

Nor lend
 An ear to a friend,
 Nor an answer would send
 To our letter so well penn'd; 15

V.

Nor assist our affairs
 With their monies nor their wares,
 As their answer now declares,
 But only with their prayers.

VI.

Thus they did persist, 20
 Did and said what they list,
 Till the diet was dismiss;
 But then our breech they kist.

VII.

For when
 It was mov'd there and then 25
 They should pay one in ten,
 The diet said, Amen.

VIII.

And because they are loath
 To discover the troth,
 They must give word and oath, 30
 Tho' they will forfeit both.

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IX.

Thus the constitution
 Condemns them every one,
 From the father to the son.

X.

But John
 (Our friend) Molleson
 Thought us to have outgone
 With a quaint invention.

35

XI.

Like the prophets of yore,
 He complain'd long before
 Of the mischiefs in store,
 Aye, and thrice as much more :

40

XII.

And with that wicked lie
 A letter they came by
 From our King's Majesty.

45

XIII.

But Fate
 Brought the letter too late ;
 'Twas of too old a date
 To relieve their damn'd state.

XIV.

The letter's to be seen,
 With seal of wax so green,
 At Dantzic, where 't has been
 Turn'd into good Latin.

50

XV.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print 55
Must also pay his stint.

XVI.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick. 60

XVII.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought;
They had got what they fought;
But now it serves for nought.

XVIII.

On Sandys * they ran aground, 65
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound. 67

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

I.

OUR resident Tom
From Venice is come,

* Mr. W.

And hath left the statesman behind him;
 Talks at the same pitch,
 Is as wise, is as rich;
 And just where you left him you find him.

5

II.

But who says he was not
 A man of much plot
 May repent that false accusation;
 Having plotted and penn'd
 Six plays, to attend
 The farce of his negotiation.

10

III.

Before you were told
 How Satan * the old
 Came here with a beard to his middle;
 Tho' he chang'd face and name,
 Old Will was the same,
 At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

15

IV.

These statesmen, you believe,
 Send straight for the shrieve,
 For he is one too, or would be;
 But he drinks no wine,
 Which is a shrewd sign
 That all 's not so well as it should be.

20

* Mr. W. Murrey.

V.

These three, when they drink, 23
 How little do they think
 Of banishment, debts, or dying?
 Not old with their years,
 Nor cold with their fears,
 But their angry stars still defying. 30

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
 Nor sobriety sad;
 But of that they are seldom in danger:
 At Paris, at Rome,
 At the Hague, they're at home;
 'The good fellow is no where a stranger. 36

ON MR. ABR. COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
 'To us discovers day from far;
 His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
 Which our dark nation long involv'd;
 But he descending to the shades, 5
 Darkness again the age invades.
 Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
 Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
 The other three with his own fires
 Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires; 10

By Shakespeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's, lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days, 15
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But curst be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest, flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw! 20
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser, and in Johnson, Art 25
Of flower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own: 30
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state 35
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
 Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece: 40
 To him that language (tho' to none
 Of th' others) as his own was known.
 On a stiff gale (as Flaccus * sings)
 The Theban swan extends his wings,
 When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies; 45
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd.
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd,
 His fancy and his judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd too much; 50
 His severe judgment (giving law)
 His modest fancy kept in awe;
 As rigid husbands jealous are
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow, 55
 As all that saw and tasted know:
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear †,
 That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge he would not fear. 60
 Of that great portraiture so true
 A copy pencil never drew.
 My Muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genii straight appear:
 Joy and amazement her did strike; 65
 Two twins she never saw so like.

* His Pindarics. † His last works.

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'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras
One soul might thro' more bodies pass :
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here. 70
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And shew the world this parallel :
Fix'd and contemplative their looks, 75
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse. 80
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind 85
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd : 90
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind :

Yet tho' both fell before their hour, 95
 Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
 Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt. 98

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
 Have turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms;
 Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
 We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
 As now we do to ſee all thine thy own 5
 In this my Muſe's reſurrection,
 Whoſe ſcatter'd parts from thy own race more wounds
 Hath ſuffer'd than Acteon from his hounds;
 Which firſt their brains and then their belly fed,
 And from their excrements new poets bred. 10
 But now thy Muſe enraged, from her urn,
 Like ghosſts of murder'd bodies, does return
 T' accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
 And undeceive the long-abuſed age,
 Which caſts thy praiſe on them to whom thy wit 15
 Gives not more gold than they give droſs to it;
 Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
 Add treaſon to it, and debaſe the coin.
 But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
 Trophies to thee from other men's diſpraiſe; 20

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Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
 Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
 Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
 Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred, slain.
 Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height, 25
 When labouring and sinking with its weight,
 From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
 Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
 When Johnson, Shakespeare, and thyself, did sit,
 And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit— 30
 Yet what from Johnson's oil and sweat did flow,
 Or what more easy Nature did bestow
 On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee, full grown,
 Their graces both appear, yet so that none
 Can say here Nature ends and Art begins, 35
 But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
 So interwove, so like, so much the same,
 None this mere Nature that mere Art can name.
 'Twas this the Ancients meant : nature and skill
 Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill. 40

NATURA NATURATA.

I.

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit,
 That all our judgment and our wit
 To vulgar custom we submit?

II.

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

5

III.

Why is it then thought sin or shame
Those necessary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came?

IV.

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

10

V.

Death she abhors; yet when men die
We're present; but no stander-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

15

VI.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year
A most abominable rate did bear.

VII.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

20

VIII.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

24

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FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE

AGAINST LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

II.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel resorts;
Thro' those deceitful fallyports
Our sentinels betray our forts.

IV.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

V.

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
 If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
 At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

20

VIII.

Secure from low and private ends,
 His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
 His prince, his country, and his friends.

IX.

Danger and honour are his joy;
 But a fond wife or wanton boy
 May all those gen'rous thoughts destroy.

25

X.

Then he lays by the public care,
 Thinks of providing for an heir;
 Learns how to get, and how to spare.

30

XI.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
 The Trojan hero did affright,
 Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

XII.

Tho' still his foes in number grew,
 Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
 Yet left alone no fear he knew.

35

XIII.

But Death in all her forms appears
 From ev'ry thing he sees and hears
 For whom he leads and whom he bears*.

* His father and son.

XIV.

Love, making all things else his foes, 40
 Like a fierce torrent overflows
 Whatever doth his course oppose.

XV.

This was the cause, the poets sung,
 Thy mother from the sea was sprung;
 But they were mad to make thee young. 45

XVI.

Her father, not her son, art thou :
 From our desires our actions grow ;
 And from the cause th' effect must flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as place or time ;
 'Twas he the fatal tree did climb, 50
 Grandfire of father Adam's crime.

XVIII.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe ;
 Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
 The tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the powers above ; 55
 Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
 His thunder, to the god of Love.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield ;
 Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield
 Guards him, when Cupid takes the field. 60

XXI.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is,
But less than nothing if it miss.

XXII.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects, 65
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

XXIII.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best
Where Love's of blindness dispossest
By perspectives of interest.

XXIV.

Tho' Sol'mon with a thousand wives 70
To get a wife successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

XXV.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir. 75

XXVI.

Love drowfy days and stormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

XXVII.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double, 80
And into halves divides our trouble.

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XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

XXIX.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear, 85
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear :

XXX.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep. 90

XXXI.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own set fire on Troy?

XXXII.

Such is the world's prepost'rous fate,
Amongst all creatures mortal hate 95
Love (tho' immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But man 's that savage beast, whose mind, 100
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind. 102

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE
CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the Bishops' Bill deny'd,
And we still threaten'd to be try'd?
You see the King embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 't is no secret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

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Tho' more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws, 20
My labour was not lost.
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring 25
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition?
Tho' I the bus'ness did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition. 30

So many nights spent in the City
In that invisible Committee,
The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief, bears the date 35
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the King to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name? 40
Tho' we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
 With what was given to quench it there,
 And wisely lost that nation : 45
 To do as crafty beggars use,
 To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
 The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
 Windsor and Westminster unseen, 50
 And did myself divide,
 To keep his Excellence in awe,
 And give the Parliament the law?
 For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach 55
 Our zealous ignorants to preach,
 And did their lungs inspire;
 Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
 And taught them all their little arts
 To fling abroad the fire? 60

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
 And say the Cavaliers are beaten,
 To stroke the people's ears;
 Then straight when victory grows cheap,
 And will no more advance the heap, 65
 To raise the price of fears.

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And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act, the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news, 70
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
And must we now give o'er, 75
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight, 80
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill, 85
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err. 90

But plague and famine will come in,
 For they and we are near of kin,
 And cannot go afunder :
 But while the wicked starve, indeed
 The saints have ready at their need 95
 God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
 And gallant villains if we fail.
 When to our fame 't is told,
 It will not be our least of praise, 100
 Since a new state we could not raise
 To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay, and fight, and vote,
 Till London is not worth a groat ;
 Oh ! 't is a patient beast ! 105
 When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
 And can no longer have the rule,
 We'll have the spoil at least. 108

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 Poetical Li

To the Five Members of the Hon.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS,

AFTER so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haflerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Tho' set form of prayer be an abomination, 5
Set forms of petitions find great approbation;
Therefore as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the blest'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us: 10
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege; (like the rest of our nation)
But 't is none of yours of which we have spoken, 15
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance or pow'r legislative.
And, first, 't is to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants' fees. 20
Next, that we only may lie by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical License, and always did claim it.

By this we have pow'r to change age into youth, 25
 Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth;
 In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
 This art some poet, or the devil, has taught ye:
 And this our property you have invaded,
 And a privilege of both Houses have made it. 30
 But that trust above all in poets reposed,
 That kings by them only are made and deposed:
 'This tho' you cannot do, yet you are willing;
 But when we undertake deposing or killing,
 They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
 Takes full revenge on the villains that do it. 36
 And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
 We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
 But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,
 Who make better poems by far of the two? 40
 For all those pretty knacks you compose,
 Alas! what are they but poems in prose?
 And between those and ours there's no difference,
 But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense.
 But for lying (the most noble part of a poet) 45
 You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
 And tho' you are modest, and seem to abhor it,
 It has done you good service, and thank Hell for it.
 Altho' the old maxim remains still in force,
 'That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
 If poverty be a part of our trade, 51
 So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;

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Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,
 You have made King Charles himself a poet :
 But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows
 Already you have had too much of his prose. 56

A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know, not a fortnight ago,
 How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder ?
 When a hundred and ten slew five thousand men
 With the help of lightning and thunder ?

There Hopeton was slain again and again, 5
 Or else my author did lie ;
 With a new Thanksgiving for the dead who are living,
 To God and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd ?
 I hope we at last are even ; 10
 For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their graves
 To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
 Of the gout three months together ;
 But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
 For his heels were lighter than ever. 16

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
 And leaves all his money behind him.
 But they follow after : unless he takes water,
 At Plymouth again they will find him. 20

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
 Goes deep in the Sequestrations;
 These wounds will not heal with your new great seal,
 Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now Peters and Cafe, in your pray'r and grace, 25
 Remember the new Thanksgiving;
 Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
 Or shortly you'll dig for your living. 28

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder, of the lightning and
 Which made the lie so much the louder : [thunder,
 Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
 Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it struck thro' the camp! 5
 But as for honest Sir Ralph,
 It blew him to the Vies without beard or eyes,
 But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the newsmonger took
From the preaching lady's letter, 10
Where, in the first place, stood the conqueror's face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now, without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him;
Great William the Con. so fast he did run, 15
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost;
But, alas! we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving. 20

This made Mr. Cafe with a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping;
Tho' his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops 25
For the laws, not your cause, you that loathe 'em,
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the Worshipful Sir John Hotham. 28

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN SIR JOHN POOLEY
AND MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL.

To thee, dear Tom! myself addressing,
Most queremoniously confessing
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puiffance,
For some venereal rejouissance,
I got (as one may say) a nuisance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, Cousin Pooley, 10
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so blueely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you;
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

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POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality 20
Set fire on label of mortality;

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation
Thro' th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, Cousin, (as I guess the matter) 25
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That ev'n your mouth needs an injection. 30

You that were once so economic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in macaronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a 35
Disaster in your nether end-a—

Whether it pullen be or shanker,
Cordee, and crooked like an anchor;
Your cure too costs you but a spanker.

Or tho' your pifs be sharp as razor,
Do but confer with Dr. Frazer,
He'll make your running nag a pacer.

40

Nor shall you need your silver-quick, Sir;
'Take Mongo Murrey's black elixir,
And in a week it cures your p——, Sir.

45

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks t'wards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit * you did miscarry;
'That danger might have made one wary:
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

50

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
'To ulcerate my reputation.

Tho' it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raise an evil favour
Upon all grave and staid behav'our.

55

And I will rub my mater pia,
'To find a rhyme to gonorrhœa,
And put it in my litania.

60

* Hunting near Paris he and his horse fell into a quarry,

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THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

*My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circean liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now sleep, with disenchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to bell her roots.*

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest.
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new) 5
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th' offence.
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before; 10
And tho' th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was : 15
From thence did learning into Egypt pass.

Moses in all th' Egyptian arts was skill'd,
 When heav'nly pow'r that chosen vessel fill'd;
 And we to his high inspiration owe
 That what was done before the flood we know. 20
 From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,
 Wrapp'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
 Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
 Mankind, and gave the world their deities:
 To many gods they taught devotion, 25
 Which were the distinct faculties of one:
 Th' Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
 Was taught, and poets were the first divines.
 God Moses first, then David, did inspire,
 To compose anthems for his heav'nly quire: 30
 To th' one the style of Friend he did impart,
 On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
 And Moses, in the old original,
 Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.
 Next those old Greeks Pythagoras did rise, 35
 Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd Wise.
 The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
 Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
 Who Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
 Yet that great soul our novelists impeach: 40
 Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
 While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds.
 The tree of Knowledge, blasted by disputes,
 Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.

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Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held, 45
 Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
 Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
 And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
 Till both their nation and their arts did come
 A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome. 50
 Then wheresoe'er her conqu'ring Eagles fled,
 Arts, learning, and civility, were spread;
 And as in this our microcosm the heart
 Heat, spirit, motion, gives to ev'ry part,
 So Rome's victorious influence did disperse 55
 All her own virtues thro' the universe.
 Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
 Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!
 Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
 And not to thy great ancestor do right? 60
 I can no more believe old Homer blind,
 Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:
 The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
 Could not want sight who taught the world to see.
 They who Minerva from Jove's head derive, 65
 Might make old Homer's scull the Muses' hive,
 And from his brain that Helicon distil
 Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
 Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
 Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight. 70
 Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
 In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.

* Græcia Major.

When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
 His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace,
 He still in his triumphant chariot shines, 75
 By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
 'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
 Of prophets and of poets is the same *.
 What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
 Declares was inspiration and not guess: 80
 As dark a truth that author did unfold
 As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
 " At last the ocean shall unlock the bound ||
 " Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;
 " Then ages far remote shall understand 85
 " The Isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
 Sure God, by these discov'ries, did design
 That his clear light thro' all the world should shine;
 But the obstruction from that discord springs
 The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings:
 That peaceful age with happiness to crown, 91
 From heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came down;
 Then the true Sun of knowledge first appear'd,
 And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd;
 The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood 95
 Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
 His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;
 Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;

* Vates.

† Seneca.

|| The prophecy.

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Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again. 100
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent as he tempted man.
Then hell sends forth her furies, Av'rice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide :
Tho' the foundation on a rock were laid, 105
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.
Tho' the Apostles these events foretold,
Yet ev'n the shepherd did devour the fold :
The fisher to convert the world began
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man; 110
But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
And Peter's keys chang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, tho' himself had none ;
Wrestling the text to the old giant's sense, 115
That heav'n once more must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize ;
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each others' eyes :
Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd : 120
Then Mah'met's Crescent, by our feuds increas'd,
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the East.
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's dame ;
Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell, 125
His faithful emissary, rose from hell

To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
 Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns, did stand;
 And before that exalted idol all
 (Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate fall. 130
 Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
 From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
 Which, link'd with blind obedience, so increas'd,
 That the whole world some ages they oppress'd;
 Till thro' those clouds the Sun of knowledge brake,
 And Europe from her lethargy did wake; 136
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
 That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
 When Lucifer no longer could advance
 His works on the false ground of ignorance, 140
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
 Then his well-study'd masterpiece he plays;
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
 And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
 Sends their forerunner (conscious of th' event) 145
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the prels from ruin'd cloisters leapt.
 No longer by implicit faith we err,
 Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter; 150
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
 Lay-elders from their ends create their god.
 But sev'n wise men the ancient world did know,
 We scarce know sev'n who think themselves not so.

When man learn'd undefil'd religion, 155
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd;
Almost as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth; 160
Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind, 165
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and kings
Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs.
As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat : 170
All the rich mines of Learning ranfack'd are
To furnish ammunition for this war :
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets.
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst, 175
That the best things corrupted are the worst.
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world.
That sun like this (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave; 180
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
Our guide is error and our visions dreams.

'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew
 Her pedigree from those who too much knew.
 Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils, 185
 Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils.
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
 'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
 True piety, without cessation to
 By theories, the practis part is lost; 190
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
 Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
 The Athiest looking on enjoys the spoils.
 Thro' seas of knowledge we our course advance, 195
 Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
 And these discoveries make us all confess
 That sublunary science is but guess.
 Matters of fact to man are only known,
 And what seems more is mere opinion : 200
 The standers-by see clearly this event;
 All parties say they 're sure, yet all dissent.
 With their new light our bold inspectors press,
 Like Cham, to shew their fathers' nakedness,
 By whose example after-ages may 205
 Discover we more naked are than they.
 All human wisdom to divine is folly :
 This truth the wisest man made melancholy.
 Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
 But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief. 210

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Who thinks his wife is virtuous, tho' not so,
 Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
 Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
 Form'd man, who should of both participate.
 If our lives' motions theirs must imitate, 215
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
 When like a bridegroom from the east the sun
 Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
 Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
 Those rivers to replenish which he drinks: 220
 So Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
 Back to the source some secret channel brings.
 'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
 To fill their banks, but not to overthrow. 224
 "Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æstas,
 "Sic ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finem."

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes
 Will weep at their own sad discoveries,
 When ev'ry line they add improves thy loss,
 Till having view'd the whole they sum a cross,
 Such as derides thy passions' best relief, 5
 And scorns the succours of thy easy grief:

Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of man and pious, read and mourn : the shame
 Of an exemption from just sense doth show
 Irrational, beyond excess of woe. 10

Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
 Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here
 Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious than in India's veins :
 Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies 15

That which completes the age's tyrannies;
 Who weak to such another ill appear,
 For what destroys our hope secures our fear.
 What sin, unexpiated in this land
 Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand? 20

The late great victim * that your altars knew,
 Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new
 Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
 Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
 By whose example good, condemned, we 25
 Might have run on to kinder destiny.

But as the leader of the herd fell first
 A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
 But this white fatted youngling could atone, 30
 By his untimely fate, that impious smoke

'That sullied earth, and did Heav'n's pity choke.
 Let it suffice for us that we have lost
 In him more than the widow'd world can boast

* King Charles the First.

In any lump of her remaining clay. 35
 Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn he was; the day,
 Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing parts.
 Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
 Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright. 40
 Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
 That only wanted immortality
 To make him perfect, now submits to night,
 In the black bosom of whose fable spite
 He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies, 45
 Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.

Great Saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
 And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near
 That by our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,
 Their anger and our ugly faults are read, 50
 The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
 Their love and majesty epitomize :
 Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
 The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws.
 Tho' Sin search Nature, to provide her here 55
 A second entertainment half so dear,
 She 'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
 Till Time present her with the universe. 58

EPISTLES.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being invited from Calais to Bologna to eat a pig.

I.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologna is gone,
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

5

II.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting *,
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd A pox on?

10

III.

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 't is told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They 'll say now, Hang him, pirate.

15

IV.

Thou might'st have ta'en example
From what thou read'st in story,
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predeceffor Dory.

20

* We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a
fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

V.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
 Intended for a shelter;
 But the rain made an afs
 Of tilt and canvafs,
 And the fnow, which you know is a melter. 25

VI.

But with thee to inveigle
 That tender ftrippling Aftcot,
 Who was foak'd to the fkin
 Thro' drugget fo thin,
 Having neither coat nor waiftcoat. 30

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
 Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
 Defy'd cart fo bafe,
 For thief without grace,
 That goes to make a wry mouth. 35

VIII.

Nor did he like the omen,
 For fear it might be his doom
 One day for to fmg,
 With gullet in ftring,
 A hymn of Robert Wifdom. 40

IX.

But what was all this bus'nefs?
 For fure it was important;
 For who rides i' th' wet,
 When affairs are not great,
 The neighbours make but a fport on't. 45

X.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
 O John! thou hadst a malice;
 The old driver of swine
 That day sure was thine,
 Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

30

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF

PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
 That few but such as cannot write translate:
 But what in them is want of art or voice,
 In thee is either modesty or choice.
 While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand;
 Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
 Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
 Less honour to create than to redeem.
 Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
 Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
 All the defects of air and soil doth share,
 And colder brains like colder climates are:
 In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
 A vital spirit but a vital heat.
 That servile path thou nobly dost decline
 Of tracing word by word and line by line:
 Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
 Not the effect of poetry, but pains;

10

15

Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
 No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words. 20
 A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
 To make translations and translators too.
 They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame :
 Tording his current, where thou find'st it low 25
 Lett'st in thine own to make it rise and flow,
 Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
 It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
 Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
 Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes. 30
 Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
 Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length :
 Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
 Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
 New names, new dressings, and the modern cast, 35
 Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and outfac'd
 The world, it were thy work ; for we have known
 Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
 That master's hand which, to the life, can trace
 The airs, the lines, and features of the face, 40
 May with a free and bolder stroke express
 A vary'd posture or a flatt'ring dress :
 He could have made those like who made the rest,
 But that he knew his own design was best. 44

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
 So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
 One single rapture scarce itself confines
 Within the limits of four thousand lines:
 And yet I hope to see this noble heat 5
 Continue till it makes the piece complete,
 That to the latter age it may descend,
 And to the end of time its beams extend.
 When poesy joins profit with delight,
 Her images should be most exquisite, 10
 Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
 Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
 Therefore the patterns man should imitate
 Above the life our masters should create.
 Herein if we consult with Greece and Rome, 15
 Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
 Tho' mighty raptures we in Homer find,
 Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
 Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
 But his sublimed thoughts to heav'n were rais'd. 20
 Who reads the honours which he paid the gods
 Would think he had beheld their bless'd abodes;
 And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
 From divine blood he draws his pedigree.

From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the best original does draw 26
Bonduca's honour, with those heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt his saucy crime :
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust ; 30
And to Old England you that right have done,
To shew no story nobler than her own. 32

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

*Or, A proper New Ballad of certain carnal passages be-
twixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsley, near Colchester,
in Essex.*

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

I.

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank
Was play'd such a prank
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

5

II.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For Brother Green's a stallion:
Now, alas! what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

10

III.

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 't will be counted,
When 't is talk'd with disdain
Amongst the profane
How Brother Green was mounted.

15

IV.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which tho' our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd such a Christmas gambol? 20

V.

Had thy flesh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye hadst swallow'd; 25

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fulness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid thro' thee. 30

VII.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation. 35

VIII.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Tho' he us'd the weapon carnal :

"Filly Foal," quoth he,
 "My bride thou shalt be;
 "And how this is lawful learn all:

40

IX.

"For if no respect of persons
 "Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
 "In a large extent
 "Thereby may be meant
 "That a mare's as good as a madam."

45

X.

Then without more ceremony,
 Not bonnet vail'd, nor kifs'd her,
 But took her by force,
 For better for worse,
 And us'd her like a sister.

50

XI.

Now when in such a saddle
 A faint will needs be riding,
 Tho' we dare not say
 'Tis a falling away,
 May there not be some backsliding?

55

XII.

"No, surely," quoth James Naylor,
 "'Twas but an insurrection
 "Of the carnal part,
 "For a Quaker in heart
 "Can never lose perfection.

60

XIII.

“ For (as our masters * teach us)
 “ The intent being well directed,
 “ Tho’ the devil trepan
 “ “The Adamical man,
 “ The faint stands uninfected.”

65

XIV.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
 Ne’er judges what’s intended;
 Then say what we can
 Brother Green’s outward man
 I fear will be suspended.

70

XV.

And our adopted sister
 Will find no better quarter:
 But when him we enroll
 For a faint, Filly Foal
 Shall pass herself for a martyr.

75

XVI.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
 No longer is thy debtor,
 O Colchester! now
 Who’s Sodom but thou,
 Even according to the letter?

80

* The Jesuits.

A SONG.

I.

MORPHEUS ! the humble god that dwells
 In cottages and smoky cells,
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
 And tho' he fears no prince's frown
 Flies from the circle of a crown : 5

II.

Come, I say, thou pow'rful god,
 And thy leaden charming rod,
 Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
 O'er his wakeful temples shake,
 Lest he should sleep, and never wake. 10

III.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou so
 Obliged to thy greatest foe?
 Sleep that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste,
 And both are the same thing at last. 15

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy as to rob others without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raising their own: neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent is most inimitable; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be in some degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right

is the only scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune, make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poetry into poetry; and poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation shall have the misfortune of that young traveller who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking which vary with the times, the fashion of our

clothes being not more subject to alteration than that of our speech : and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *sermonem temporis ipsius auribus accommodatum* ; the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye ; and therefore if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age ; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) fit not naturally and easily on so grave a person, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late presented him ; at least, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life ; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions) neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense as to make it seem mine and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art was defective ; (but I rather suspect myself) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts ; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them ; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I err in en-

deavouring sometimes to make him speak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

The Argument.

THE first book speaks of *Æneas*' voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks *Æneas* from the bed of state.
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore, 5
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more.
Not the most cruel of our conqu'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly 10
The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite;
Yet since 't is your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear I cannot grieve to tell.

By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd, 15
 The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
 A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
 Pretending vows for their return : this Fame
 Divulges; then within the beast's vast womb
 The choice and flower of all their troops entomb. 20
 In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
 In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
 (Now but an unsecure and open bay)
 Thither, by stealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
 We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ fail'd, 25
 And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
 All thro' th' unguarded gates with joy resort
 To see the flighted camp, the vacant port.
 Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
 The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there; 30
 But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
 Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
 And first Thymætes moves (urg'd by the power
 Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
 But Capys and the graver sort thought fit 35
 The Greeks' suspected present to commit
 To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
 The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
 The uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
 Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd 40
 Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
 Crying, What desp'rate frenzy 's this, (oh, friends!)

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To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design; their gift's but a deceit:
For our destruction 't was contriv'd no doubt, 45
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
'Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear, 50
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Mean-while a fetter'd pris'ner to the king 55
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd. 60
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes 65
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incens'd Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive the Greeks." 70

To pity this complaint our former rage
 Converts; we now inquire his parentage;
 What of their counsels or affairs he knew?
 Then fearless he replies, "Great King! to you
 All truth I shall relate: nor first can I 75
 Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
 And tho' my outward state misfortune hath
 Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
 You may by chance have heard the famous name
 Of Palamede, who from old Belus came, 80
 Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
 Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
 Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
 And me to his commands did recommend,
 While laws and councils did his throne support; 85
 I but a youth; yet some esteem and port
 We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
 (Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
 Till now, disdaining his unworthy end, 90
 I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
 Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
 My wish'd return to Greece: from hence his hate,
 From thence my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
 Old guilt fresh malice gives; the people's ears 95
 He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
 And then the prophet to his party drew.
 But why do I these thankless truths pursue,

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Or why defer your rage? on me for all
 The Greeks let your revenging fury fall. 100
 Ulysses this, th' Atridæ this desire
 At any rate." We straight are set on fire }
 (Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to inquire
 The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
 With gestures humble, as his tale was bold. 105
 " Oft' have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
 With tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd,
 And would to Heav'n they 'ad gone; but still dismay'd
 By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
 Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd 110
 Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
 Dispatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
 Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
 " A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
 " When first t'wards Troy the Grecians took the seas;
 " Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood 116
 " Must purchase." All at this confounded stood;
 Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
 Of what the mischief but on one can fall:
 Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd) 120
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
 Yet was I warn'd, (for many were as well
 Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretell.
 Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
 Would no man's fate pronounce; at last constrain'd

By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd 126
 Me for the sacrifice: the people join'd
 In glad consent, and all their common fear
 Determine in my fate. The day drew near,
 The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd 130
 With holy wreaths; then I confess I found
 The means to my escape: my bonds I brake,
 Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
 Amongst the fedges all the night lay hid,
 Till they their sails had hoist, (if so they did.) 135
 And now, alas! no hope remains for me
 My home, my father, and my sons, to see,
 Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
 And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
 Those gods who know the truths I now relate, 140
 That faith which yet remains inviolate
 By mortal men, by these I beg; redress
 My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.
 And now true pity in exchange he finds
 For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds. 145
 Then spake the king, "Be ours, whoe'er thou art;
 Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
 Why did they raise, or to what use intend,
 This pile? to a warlike or religious end?"
 Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands 150
 T'ward heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
 "Ye pure ethereal flames! ye pow'rs ador'd
 By mortal men! ye altars, and the sword

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I 'scap'd! ye sacred fillets that involv'd
 My destin'd head! grant I may stand absolv'd 155
 From all their laws and rites renounce all name
 Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim,
 Only, O Troy! preserve thy faith to me,
 If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
 From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all 160
 Counsels and actions, took original,
 'Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
 By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
 Assails the sacred tower; the guards they slay,
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey 165
 The fatal image: straight with our success
 Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
 Her just disdain; her flaming eyes did throw
 Flashes of lightning; from each part did flow
 A briny sweat; thrice brandishing her spear, 170
 Her statue from the ground itself did rear:
 Then that we should our sacrilege restore,
 And reconvey their gods from Argos' shore,
 Calchas persuades till then we urge in vain
 The fate of Troy. To measure back the main 175
 They all consent, but to return again
 When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
 Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile
 To Pallas was design'd, to reconcile
 Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt; 180
 To this vast height and monstrous stature built

Left, thro' your gates receiv'd, it might renew
 Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
 But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
 Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on them!)
 Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse 186
 Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
 A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract,
 Our sons then suff'ring what their fires would act."

Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
 A feigned tear destroys us, against whom 191
 Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
 Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand fail.
 This seconded by a most sad portent,
 Which credit to the first imposture lent, 195
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
 Devoted to that god a bull did slay;
 When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
 Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide:
 Above the deep they raise their scaly crests, 200
 And stem the flood with their erected breasts;
 Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
 And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
 Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there
 A direful hiss, and from their eyes a flame. [came
 Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line 206
 Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
 (Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
 Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,

They seiz'd, and with entangling foldsembrac'd, 210
 His neck twice compassing and twice his waist :
 Their pois'nous knots he strives to break and tear,
 While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
 Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
 From th' altar flies, and from his wounded scull 215
 Shakes the huge axe. The conqu'ring serpents fly
 To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
 Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
 We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
 Justly on him who struck the sacred oak 220
 With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
 The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
 We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
 Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall. 225
 Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
 Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
 With rolls and levers : thus our works it climbs,
 Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhymes,
 Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down,
 It enters with a thund'ring noise the town. 231
 Oh, Troy! the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
 Three times it stuck, as oft' the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard; yet, blinded by the power
 Of Fate, we place it in the sacred tower. 235
 Cassandra then foretells th' event, but she
 Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)

The altars with fresh flow'rs we crown, and waste
 In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
 Now by the revolution of the skies 240
 Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
 Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds in-
 The city in secure repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,
 When from the admiral's high poop appears
 A light, by which the Argive Squadron fleers 245
 Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
 When Sinon (fav'd by the gods' partial power)
 Opens the horse, and thro' the unlock'd doors
 To the free air the armed freight restores.
 Ulysses, Sthenieus, Tisander, slide 250
 Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
 Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
 And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
 The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and wine
 Oppress'd, surprise, and then their forces join. 255
 'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
 Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
 (The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
 Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
 His aspect such when, foil'd with bloody dust, 260
 Dragg'd by the cords which thro' his feet were thrust
 By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!
 How much unlike that Hector who return'd
 Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among
 A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung! 265

His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee? whence, so much desir'd, 270
Art thou restor'd to us, consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry, 275
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born! our walls
"The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
"From all her glories: if it might have stood
"By any pow'r, by this right hand it should.
"What man could do by me for Troy was done. 280
"Take here her relicks and her gods, to run
"With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
"Which, tofs'd on seas, thou shalt at last erect:"
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire. 285
Mean-while the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far; (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house) approaching still more near,
The clash of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend 290
The houses' tops, and list'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course

Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys, 294
And mocks the ploughman's toil, th' unlook'd-for
noise,

From neighb'ring hills th' amazed shepherd hears;
Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.

First fell thy house, Ucalegon! then thine

Deiphobus! Sigæan seas did shine 299

Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful

The louder groans of dying men confound. [found

Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw

Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe :

Rage, anger, and despair, at once suggest,

That of all deaths to die in arms was best. 305

The first I met was Pantheus, Phæbus' priest,

Who, 'scaping with his gods and relicks, fled,

And t'wards the shore his little grandchild led.

Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what
place

Made good? but, fighting, he replies, "Alas! 310

Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;

But the last period, and the fatal hour

Of Troy is come: our glory and our power

Incens'd Jove transfers to Grecian hands:

The foe within the burning town commands, 315

And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force

Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:

Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,

And thousands more than e'er from Argos came

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Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets, 320
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate so near,
At once suspends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way thro' fire, thro' swords, 325
Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us; (for the moon did shine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorcebus, Mygdon's son,
Who by the love of fair Cassandra won, 331
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse;
Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain 335
The fight, I said, Brave spirits! (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The state of our affairs
You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood; nor can the flame be stay'd: 340
Then let us fall amidst our foes. This one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.
Then reforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young 345
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among

Foes, fire, and fwords, t' assured death we pass;
 Darkneſs our guide, Deſpair our leader was.
 Who can relate that ev'ning's woes and ſpoils,
 Or can his tears proportion to our toils? 350
 The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
 Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
 Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
 Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume,
 And now the victors fall: on all ſides fears, 355
 Groans, and pale Death, in all her ſhapes appears.
 Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
 Upon us, with civility miſplac'd,
 Thus greeting us; " You loſe, by your delay,
 " Your ſhare both of the honour and the prey; }
 " Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey 361 }
 " Back to thoſe ſhips which you but now forſake." }
 We making no return, his ſad miſtake
 Too late he finds: as when an unſeen ſnake
 A traveller's unwary foot hath preſt, 365
 Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt,
 Swoln with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
 So from our view ſurpris'd Androgeus flies:
 But here an eaſy victory we meet;
 Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet. 370
 Whiſt fortune our firſt enterpriſe did aid,
 Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Choræbus ſaid,
 " O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
 " And the fair path they lead us let us tread.

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"First change your arms, and their distinctions bear;

"The same in foes deceit and virtue are." 376

Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,

His sword, his shield, he takes, and plumed crests;

Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, all glad

Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad. 380

Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune still

Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.

Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides

Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.

Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire; 385

But vain's that hope 'gainst which the gods conspire.

Behold the royal virgin, the divine

Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine

Dragg'd by the hair, casting t'wards heav'n, in vain,

Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain: 390

Choræbus at the spectacle enrag'd,

Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd

To second him, among the thickest ran:

Here first our ruin from our friends began,

Who from the temple's battlements a shower 395

Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:

They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew

Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew.

Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,

And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men; 400

As winds that meet from sev'ral coasts contest,

Their prisons being broke, the south and west,

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 " Back to those ships which you but now forsake." }
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 Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake }
 A traveller's unwary foot hath prest, 365
 Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest,
 Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
 So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies:
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And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men; 400

As winds that meet from sev'ral coasts contest,

Their prisons being broke, the south and west,

And Eurus on his winged courfers borne,
 'Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
 And chafing Nereus with his trident throws 405
 'The billows from their bottom: then all those
 Who in the dark our fury did escape
 Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
 And diff'ring dialect: then their numbers swell
 And grow upon us. First Choræbus fell 410
 Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
 Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
 In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed. }
 'Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
 'Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety 415
 Nor consecrated mitre from the same
 Ill fate could save. My country's fun'ral flame,
 And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
 To witness for myself, that in their fall
 No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd, 420
 Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.
 Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
 Slowly retire; the one retarded was
 By feeble age, the other by a wound.
 To court the cry directs us, where we found 425
 'Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
 And all the rest secure from foes or fear:
 'The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
 Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd

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Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend, 430
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement: on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize. 435
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead. 440
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd;
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king her little son
She would present) thro' this we pass, and run 445
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet: 450
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud;
But others still succeed. Mean-time nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease. 455
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,

Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay
 Under the ground, and now reviews the day
 Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young, 460
 Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
 And lifts his scaly breast against the sun;
 With him his father's squire Automedon,
 And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,
 Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds 465
 Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
 Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among
 'The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
 'Thro' beams of solid oak, then freely views
 'The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state, 470
 Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.
 At the first gate an armed guard appears,
 But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
 Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
 The arched vaults re-echo to the skies; 475
 Sad matrons wand'ring thro' the spacious rooms,
 Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes;
 Full of his father, neither men nor walls
 His force sustain; the torn portcullis falls;
 'Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
 And where the way they cannot find they force. 481
 Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,
 Above his banks th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
 Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
 Shepherds, and folds, the foaming furies sweep. 485

And now between two sad extremes I stood,
 Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,
 'There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
 And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
 Which his own hands had on the altar laid: 490

Then they the secret cabinets invade
 Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
 Of that great race: the golden posts, whose tops
 Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
 Or to the foe or to the fire a prey. 495

Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire,
 Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
 And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,
 Arms long diffus'd his trembling limbs invest;
 Thus on his foes he throws himself alone, 500
 Not for their fate, but to provoke his own.

'There stood an altar open to the view
 Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
 Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd,
 Before whose feet the queen herself had cast 505

With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
 As doves whom an approaching tempest drives,
 And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
 Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cry'd,

"Alas! my wretched husband! what pretence 510

"To bear those arms? and in them what defence?

"Such aid such times require not, when again

"If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain: 515

" Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
 " Or as in life we shall in death be join'd." 513
 Then, weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
 And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.
 Mean-while Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
 Thro' foes and swords, and ranges all the court 520
 And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
 Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
 And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
 The king (tho' him so many deaths inclose)
 Nor fear nor grief, but indignation, shows: 525
 " The gods requite thee, (if within the care
 " Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
 " Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
 " Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.
 " Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be 530
 " Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
 " He blush'd when I the rights of arms implor'd,
 " To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd."
 This said, his feeble arm a jav'lin flung,
 Which on the sounding shield, scarce ent'ring, rung.
 Then Pyrrhus; " Go a messenger to hell 536
 " Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
 " The acts of his degen'rate race." So thro'
 His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
 To th' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths, 540
 His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.

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Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
 With such a signal and peculiar fate,
 Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
 Nor in such flames a fun'ral fire to have. 545
 He whom such titles swell'd, such pow'r made proud,
 To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,
 On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
 A headless carcass, and a nameless thing! 549

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
 Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly;
 He, loath to disobey the god's command,
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
 Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive, 5
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave,
 He many ways his lab'ring thoughts revolves,
 But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves
 (Instructed by the god of Thieves*) to steal
 Himself away, and his escape conceal. 10
 He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
 That at the port they privately should meet,
 And some dissembled colour to project,
 That Dido should not their design suspect:

* Mercury.

But all in vain he did his plot disguise; 15
 No art a watchful lover can surmise.
 She the first motion finds: love tho' most sure,
 Yet always to itself seems unsecure.
 That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd
 Foretells the end: the queen, with rage inflam'd, 20
 Thus greets him. "Thou dissembler! wouldst thou fly
 " Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?
 " Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
 " Nor thee the fate of dying Dido, move?
 " And in the depth of winter, in the night, 25
 " Dark as thy black designs, to take thy flight,
 " To plough the raging seas to coasts unknown,
 " The kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own!
 " Were Troy restor'd, thou shouldst mistrust a wind
 " False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind. 30
 " Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of brine
 " I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
 " By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
 " If all my kindness aught have merited;
 " If ever I stood fair in thy esteem, 35
 " From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
 " Cannot my pray'rs a free acceptance find?
 " Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
 " My fame of chastity, by which the skies
 " I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies. 40
 " Into my borders now Iarbas falls,
 " And my revengeful brother scales my walls;

“ The wild Numidians will advantage take;
“ For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
“ Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me 45
“ A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
“ Might in my fight have sported, I had then
“ Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
“ By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
“ Betray’d to mischiefs, of which death’s the least.”

With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast, 51
By Jove’s command, his struggling care suppress.

“ Great Queen! your favours and deserts so great,
“ Tho’ numberless, I never shall forget;
“ No time, until myself I have forgot, 55

“ Out of my heart Eliza’s name shall blot:

“ But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,

“ And that must justify our sad divorce.

“ Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit

“ To my desires I might my fortune fit, 60

“ Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,

“ And where I first began would end my days.

“ But since the Lycian Lots and Delphic god

“ Have destin’d Italy for our abode;

“ Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,

“ Why should not Latium us receive from Troy? 66

“ As for my son, my father’s angry ghost

“ Tells me his hopes by my delays are cross’d,

“ And mighty Jove’s ambassador appear’d

“ With the same message, whom I saw and heard; 70

" We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
 " But much the more when all complaints are vain:
 " I call to witness all the gods, and thy
 " Beloved head, the coast of Italy
 " Against my will I seek," 75
 Whilst thus he speaks she rolls her sparkling eyes,
 Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies:
 " Thy mother was no goddess, nor thy stock
 " From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
 " Perfidious wretch! rough Caucasus thee bred, 80
 " And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
 " Dissimulation I shall now forget,
 " And my reserves of rage in order set,
 " Could all my pray'rs and soft entreaties force
 " Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse. 85
 " Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
 " Or Juno such impieties approve?
 " The just Astræa sure is fled to hell,
 " Nor more in earth nor heav'n itself will dwell.
 " Oh, Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast, 90
 " Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd:
 " His men from famine and his fleet from fire
 " I rescu'd: now the Lycian Lots conspire
 " With Phæbus; now Jove's envoy thro' the air
 " Brings dismal tidings, as if such low care 95
 " Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb!
 " Thou art a false impostor and a *fourbe*.
 " Go, go, pursue thy kingdom thro' the main,
 " I hope, if Heav'n her justice still retain,

"Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock, 100

"Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke :

"I'll follow thee in fun'ral flames : when dead

"My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed :

"And when the gods on thee their vengeance show,

"That welcome news shall comfort me below." 105

This saying, from his hated sight she fled,

Conducted by her damsels to her bed :

Yet restless she arose, and looking out,

Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout

When great Æneas pass'd before the guard, 110

To make a view how all things were prepar'd.

Ah! cruel Love! to what dost thou enforce

Poor mortal breasts! Again she hath recourse

To tears and pray'rs, again she feels the smart

Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart. 115

That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,

Thus to her sister she herself apply'd :

"Dear sister! my resentment had not been

"So moving, if this fate I had foreseen ;

"Therefore to me this last kind office do ; 120

"Thou hast some int'rest in our scornful foe ;

"He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,

"Thou his soft hours and free access canst find :

"Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast

"My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghost 125

"I never did disturb : ask him to lend

"To this the last request that I shall send,

"A gentle ear; I wish that he may find
 "A happy passage and a prosp'rous wind:
 "That contract I not plead which he betray'd, 130
 "Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd;
 "All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
 "Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve:
 "Some pause and respite only I require,
 "Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire. 135
 "If thy address can but obtain one day
 "Or two, my death that service shall repay."
 Thus she entreats; such messages with tears
 Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears:
 But him no pray'rs, no arguments, can move; 140
 The Fates resist; his ears are stopp'd by Jove.
 As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descend,
 From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
 An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound
 Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the ground
 Is overlaid, yet he stands fix'd; as high 146
 As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
 So low t'wards hell his roots descend. With pray'rs
 And tears the hero thus assail'd, great cares
 He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post, 150
 All their addresses and their labour lost.
 Then she deceives her sister with a smile:
 "Anne, in the inner court erect a pile;
 "Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay:
 "Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey; 155

“ All curst monuments of him with fire
“ We must abolish, (so the gods require.”)
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus’ death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys. 160
Aurora now had left Tithonus’ bed,
And o’er the world her blushing rays did spread.
The queen beheld, as soon as day appear’d,
The navy under sail, the haven clear’d:
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks, 165
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
“ O Jove!” she cry’d, “ and shall he thus delude
“ Me and my realm? why is he not pursu’d?
“ Arm, arm,” she cry’d, “ and let our Tyrians board
“ With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword; 170
“ Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
“ That perjur’d race, then let us die with joy.
“ What if th’ event of war uncertain were?
“ Nor death nor danger can the desp’rate fear.
“ But, oh, too late! this thing I should have done 175
“ When first I plac’d the traitor on my throne.
“ Behold the faith of him who sav’d from fire
“ His honour’d household gods! his aged fire
“ His pious shoulders from Troy’s flames did bear.
“ Why did I not his carcass piece-meal tear, 180
“ And cast it in the sea? why not destroy
“ All his companions, and beloved boy

" Ascanius? and his tender limbs have dress'd,
 " And made the father on the son to feast?
 " Thou Sun! whose lustre all things here below 185
 " Surveys, and Juno! conscious of my woe,
 " Revengeful Furies! and Queen Hecate!
 " Receive and grant my pray'r! If he the sea
 " Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
 " If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand. 190
 " When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd
 " By his rebelling people, be distress'd
 " By exile from his country, be divorc'd
 " From young Ascanius' sight, and be enforc'd
 " To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends 195
 " By violent and undeserved ends!
 " When to conditions of unequal peace
 " He shall submit, then may he not possess
 " Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
 " I' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall! 200
 " And ye, oh Tyrians! with immortal hate,
 " Pursue this race; this service dedicate
 " To my deplored ashes: let there be
 " 'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
 " May from my bones a new Achilles rise 205
 " That shall infect the Trojan colonies
 " With fire, and sword, and famine, when at length
 " Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
 " Our seas, our shores, our armies, theirs oppose,
 " And may our children be for ever foes!" 210

A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
 Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends.
 Viewing the Trojan relics, she unsheath'd
 Æneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd;
 Then on the guilty bed she gently lays 215
 Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays;
 "Dear relics! whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,
 "Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
 "That date which Fortune gave I now must end,
 "And to the shades a noble ghost descend. 220
 "Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
 "I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
 "Happy, alas! too happy, I had liv'd,
 "Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
 "But shall I die without revenge? yet die 225
 "Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
 "My conscious foe my fun'ral fire shall view
 "From sea, and may that omen him pursue!"
 Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
 With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd. 230
 Thro' all the court the fright and clamours rise,
 Which the whole city fills with fears and cries
 As loud as if her Carthage or old Tyre
 The foe had enter'd, and had set on fire.
 Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs, 235
 And in her arms her dying sister rears:
 "Did you for this yourself and me beguile?
 "For such an end did I erect this pile?

" Did you so much despise me, in this fate
 " Myself with you not to associate? 240
 " Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
 " The senate and the people doth confound.
 " I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death
 " My lips from her's shall draw her parting breath."
 Then with her vest the wound she wipes and dries;
 Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to rise, 246
 But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,
 Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound:
 Thrice on her bed she turns, with wand'ring fight
 Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light. 250
 Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
 Sends Iris down her pangs to mitigate.
 (Since if we fall before th' appointed day
 Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
 Iris descends; " This fatal lock (says she) 255
 " To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;"
 Then clips her hair: cold numbness straight bereaves
 Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives. 258

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS,

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake
 Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
 Others as great in place as great in mind.
 Above the rest why is our pomp, our pow'r,
 Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more?

Why all the tributes land and sea affords,
 Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards?
 Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
 Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.
 Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore 10
 As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
 But that, as well in danger as degree,
 We stand the first; that when our Licians see
 Our brave examples, they admiring say,
 Behold our gallant leaders! these are they 15
 Deserve the greatness, and unenvy'd stand,
 Since what they act transcends what they command.
 Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend!)
 Our date to immortality extend?
 Or if death sought not them who seek not death 20
 Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
 With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
 But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
 Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
 Tho' not less certain, doth our days attend; 25
 Since 't is decreed, and to this period lead
 A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread,
 And bravely on till they, or we, or all,
 A common sacrifice to honour fall. 29

EPIGRAM. FROM MARTIAL.

PR'YTHEE die and set me free,
 Or else be
 Kind, and brisk, and gay, like me:

I pretend not to the wise ones,
 'To the grave, to the grave, 5
 Or the precise ones.
 'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
 That I prize,
 Quick conceits, or sharp replies;
 If wise thou wilt appear and knowing, 10
 Repartee, repartee
 'To what I 'm doing.
 Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
 Not a spark
 Left to light me to the mark : 15
 I love daylight and a candle,
 And to see, and to see
 As well as handle.
 Why so many bolts and locks,
 Coats and smocks, 20
 And those drawers, with a pox?
 I could wish, could Nature make it,
 Nakedness, nakedness
 Itself were naked.
 But if a mistress I must have 25
 Wife and grave,
 Let her so herself behave;
 All the day long Susan civil,
 Pap by night, pap by night,
 Or such a devil. 30

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CATO MAJOR.

TO THE READER.

I CAN neither call this piece Tully's nor my own, being much altered from the original, not only by the change of the style, but by addition and subtraction. I believe you will be better pleased to receive it, as I did, at the first sight; for to me Cicero did not so much appear to write as Cato to speak; and, to do right to my author, I believe no character of any person was ever better drawn to the life than this. Therefore neither consider Cicero nor me, but Cato himself, who being then raised from the dead to speak the language of that age and place, neither the distance of place or time makes it less possible to raise him now to speak ours.

Though I dare not compare my copy with the original, yet you will find it mentioned here how much fruits are improved by grafting; and here, by grafting verse upon prose, some of these severer arguments may receive a more mild and pleasant taste.

Cato says (in another place) of himself, that he learned to speak Greek between the seventieth and eightieth year of his age; beginning that so late, he may not yet be too old to learn English, being now but between his seventeenth and eighteenth hundred year. For these reasons I shall leave to this piece no other name than what the author gave it, of Cato Major.

PREFACE.

THAT learned critic, the younger Scaliger, comparing the two great orators, says, that nothing can be taken from Demosthenes, nor added to Tully; and if there be any fault in the last, it is the resumption or dwelling too long upon his arguments: for which reason, having intended to translate this piece into prose, (where translation ought to be strict) finding the matter very proper for verse, I took the liberty to leave out what was only necessary to that age and place, and to take or add what was proper to this present age and occasion, by laying his sense closer, and in fewer words, according to the style and ear of these times. The three first parts I dedicate to my old friends, to take off those melancholy reflections which the sense of age, infirmity, and death, may give them. The last part I think necessary for the conviction of those many who believe not, or at least mind not, the immortality of the soul, of which the Scripture speaks only positively as a lawgiver, with an *ipse dixit*; but it may be, they neither believe that, (from which they either make doubts or sport) nor those whose business it is to interpret it, supposing they do it only for their own ends: but if a Heathen philosopher bring such arguments from reason, Nature, and second causes, which none of our Atheistical sophisters can confute, if they may stand convinced that there is an immortality of the soul, I hope they will so weigh the consequences as neither to talk nor live as if there was no such thing.

CATO MAJOR OF OLD AGE,

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

THO' all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd
Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself nor us uneasy seem,
Under which weight most like th' old giants groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown. 6

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason
All parts of Age seem burthensome to those [flows;
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess, 10
In what 's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our Age is (next our death) the chief,
Which tho' all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it they complain:
Such our inconstancies and follies are, 15
We say it steals upon us unaware.

Our want of reas'ning these false measures makes;
Youth runs to Age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear
To reach th' eighth hundred than the eightieth year?
Of what in that long space of time hath past 21
To foolish Age will no remembrance last.
My Age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve I much desire)

'Tis my first rule on Nature, as my guide 25
 Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd;
 And Nature, which all acts of life designs,
 Not, like ill poets, in the last declines :
 But some one part must be the last of all,
 Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall; 30
 And this from Nature must be gently borne,
 Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, Sir, 't is Scipio's and my desire,
 Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
 That from your grave instructions we might hear 35
 How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
 With great delight, since 't is requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
 Nothing in us a greater joy can move, 40
 That as old travellers the young instruct,
 Your long our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true, (as the old proverb doth relate)
 Equals with equals often congregate.
 Two consuls *, (who in years my equals were) 45
 When senators, lamenting I did hear
 That Age from them had all their pleasures torn,
 And them their former suppliants now scorn.
 They what is not to be accus'd accuse;
 Not others but themselves their Age abuse; 50
 Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
 Whose cheerful Age with honour youth attends,

* Caius Salinator, Spurius Albinus.

Joy'd that from pleasure's slav'ry they are free,
 And all respects due to their Age they see
 In its true colours; this complaint appears 55
 The ill effect of manners, not of years;
 For on their life no grievous burthen lies
 Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
 But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
 Not any easy part in life can find. 60

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute
 Their Age (as your's) can never bear such fruit
 Of honour, wealth, and pow'r, to make them sweet;
 Not ev'ry one such happiness can meet. 64

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius,
 But not so much as at first sight appears. [bears,
 This answer by Themistocles was made,
 (When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
 "You those great honours to your country owe,
 "Not to yourself")—"Had I at Seripho * 70
 "Been born, such honour I had never seen,
 "Nor you, if an Athenian you had been."
 So Age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
 To the most prudent cannot easy be;
 But to a fool the greater his estate 75
 The more uneasy is his Age's weight.
 Age's chief arts and arms are to grow wise,
 Virtue to know, and known to exercise:
 All just returns to Age then virtue makes,
 Nor her in her extremity forsakes. 80

* An isle to which condemned men were banished.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
 Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
 I (when a youth) with reverence did look
 On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;
 Yet in his Age such cheerfulness was seen, 85
 As if his years and mine had equal been:
 His gravity was mix'd with gentleness,
 Nor had his Age made his good humour less:
 Then was he well in years, (the same that he
 Was consul that of my nativity) 90
 (A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
 On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
 I five years after at Tarentum wan
 The Quæstorship, and then our love began;
 And four years after, when I Prætor was, 95
 He pleaded, and the Cincian law * did pass.
 With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
 Yet with the temp'rate arts of patient Age
 He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats;
 Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats: 100
 He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
 Nor preferr'd rumour before public health. 102

* Against bribes.

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The Argument.

When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.

1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:
 2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
 3. Next that our sense of pleasures it deprives:
 4. Last that approaching death attends our lives.
- Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in order, weigh the force.

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed
Which vig'rous youth and strength of body need;
But to more high affairs our Age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did Fabius and your father Scipio 5
(Whose daughter my son married) nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,
Who, when the Senate was to peace inclin'd 11
With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
Whither's our courage and our wisdom come,
When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome?
The rest with ancient gravity and skill 15
He spake; (for his oration's extant still.)
'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been
The second time, and there were ten between;
Therefore their argument's of little force,
Who Age from great employments would divorce.

As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold 21
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold,
 Whilst he that guides the helm employs his skill,
 And gives the law to them by sitting still;
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
 Than from wise counsels and commands proceed. 26
 Those arts Age wants not which to Age belong;
 Not heat but cold experience makes us strong.
 A Consul, Tribune, General, I have been,
 All sorts of war I have pass'd thro' and seen; 30
 And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
 Yet to the Senate I prescribe what's fit.
 I ev'ry day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
 (For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
 Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see, 35
 Which triumph may the gods design for thee;
 That Scipio may revenge his grandfire's ghost,
 Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
 Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
 With Age, if he an hundred years had seen: 40
 He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
 But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
 Which if our ancestors had not retain'd,
 The Senate's name our council had not gain'd,
 The Spartans to their highest magistrate 45
 The name of Elder did appropriate:
 Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
 How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,

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With vigilant conduct : when that sharp reply
He gave to Salinator I stood by, 50
Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not lost I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait 55
As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
When his colleague Carvilius stept aside,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field;
Against the Senate's will he will not yield; 60
When, being angry, boldly he declares
Those things were acted under happy stars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell, 65
But his son's death did all the rest excel;
(His gallant son, tho' young, had Consul been)
His funeral oration I have seen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philosophers despise. 70
Tho' he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feasting with his private friends at home,
Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,
Such science in his art of augury, 75
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;

Knowledge of all things present and to come,
Rememb'ring all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beside :
Dying in extreme Age I prophesy'd 80
That which is come to pass, and did discern
From his survivors I could nothing learn.
This long discourse was but to let you see
That his long life could not uneasy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are 85
Takers of cities, conquerors in war :
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live.
Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
With honour after ninety years did die. 90
Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more ;
His master Gorgias at the hundreth year
And seventh not his studies did forbear ;
And, ask'd why he no sooner left the stage ? 95
Said he saw nothing to accuse Old Age.
None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
Age of their own mistakes and crimes accuse.
All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
As by Age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd, have been.
When the tragedian Nævius did demand, 101
Why did your commonwealth no longer stand ?
'Twas answer'd that their senators were new,
Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.

Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense, 105
But with cold prudence Age doth recompense.
But Age, 't is said, will memory decay;
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or if by Nature it be dull and flow.
Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know 110
Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From Age such art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing which is our concern:
Their interest no priest nor forcerer 115
Forgets, nor lawyer nor philosopher:
No understanding memory can want
Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative. 120
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his sons before the judges brought,
Because he paid the Muses such respect,
His fortune, wife, and children, to neglect;
Almost condemn'd he mov'd the judges thus, 125
"Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus."
The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
Freed him; and said, "No fool such lines had penn'd."
What poets and what orators can I
Recount, what princes in philosophy, 130
Whose constant studies with their Age did strive?
Nor did they those, tho' those did them, survive.

Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
For never any man was yet so old 135
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly said, "Each day we spend
"Discovers something which must needs offend."
But sometimes Age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends. He should have told 140
'This not to Age, but youth, who oft'ner see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we.
'That I in him which he in Age condemn'd,
'That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue if he thought this truth; 145
For youth delights in Age, and Age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see,
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in straight paths by our directions tread! 150
And ev'n my conversation here I see
As well receiv'd by you as your's by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our Age
Of idleness, who all our pow'rs engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold, 155
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon, the sage, his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek; 160

Which I did only learn that I might know
Those great examples which I follow now :
And I have heard that Socrates the Wise
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Tho' many of the Ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim. 166

THE SECOND PART.

Now into' our second grievance I must break,
" That loss of strength makes understanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which Nature gave, 5
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
Old Milo wept to see his naked arm,
And cry'd 't was dead. Trifler! thine heart and head,
And all that 's in them, (not thy arm) are dead: 10
This folly ev'ry looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and sides.
Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
Their strength decreasing by increasing years;
But they advanc'd in wisdom ev'ry hour, 15
And made the commonwealth advance in pow'r.
But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;

Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
 And still my own sometimes the Senate hear. 20
 When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
 'They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead;
 Which if I had not strength enough to do,
 I could (my Lælius and my Scipio!)
 What's to be done or not be done instruct, 25
 And to the maxims of good life conduct.
 Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
 Of men) your grandfire, the great African,
 'Were joyful when the flow'r of noble blood
 Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood, 30
 Like oracles their counsels to receive,
 How in their progress they should act and live.
 And they whose high examples youth obeys
 Are not despised tho' their strength decays;
 And those decays (to speak the naked truth, 35
 Tho' the defects of Age) were crimes of youth.
 Intemp'rate youth (by sad experience found)
 Ends in an Age imperfect and unsound.
 Cyrus, tho' ag'd, (if Xenophon say true)
 Lucius Metellus, (whom when young I knew) 40
 Who held (after his second consulate)
 'Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
 Neither of these, in body or in mind,
 Before their death the least decay did find.
 I speak not of myself, tho' none deny 45
 To Age to praise their youth the liberty:

Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almost :
And tho' from what it was my strength is far,
Both in the first and second Punic war, 50
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I Consul into Spain did go ;
But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my strength ;
And I my guest, my client, or my friend, 55
Still in the courts of justice can defend :
Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
" Who would be ancient must be early so."
I would be youthful still, and find no need
To appear old till I was so indeed. 60
And yet you see my hours not idle are,
Tho' with your strength I cannot mine compare :
Yet this Centurion's doth your's surmount ;
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when ent'ring the Olympic game, 65
With a huge ox upon his shoulder came :
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind ?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But when decay'd 't is folly to complain. 70
In Age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As she sets forth the seasons of the year :

So in all parts of life we find her truth, 75
 Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;
 To elder years to be discreet and grave,
 Then to old Age maturity she gave.
 (Scipio) you know how Massinissa bears
 His kingly port at more than ninety years; 80
 When marching with his foot he walks till night,
 When with his horse he never will alight;
 Tho' cold or wet his head is always bare;
 So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
 You see how exercise and temperance 85
 Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance.
 Our law (because from Age our strength retires)
 No duty which belongs to strength requires.
 But Age doth many men so feeble make,
 That they no great design can undertake; 90
 Yet that to Age not singly is apply'd,
 But to all man's infirmities beside.
 That Scipio who adopted you did fall
 Into such pains he had no health at all,
 Who else had equall'd Africanus' parts, 95
 Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
 Why should those errors then imputed be
 To Age alone, from which our youth's not free?
 Ev'ry disease of Age we may prevent,
 Like those of youth, by being diligent. 100
 When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
 And diet, as our vital heat renews;

And if our bodies thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply 105
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die.
Tho' bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.
Cæcilius, the comedian, when of Age
He represents the follies on the stage, 110
They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute;
Neither those crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to old men, to whom those crimes belong.
Lust, petulence, rashness, are in youth more strong
Than Age, and yet young men those vices hate 115
Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:
And so what we call dotage seldom breeds
In bodies but where Nature sow'd the seeds.
There are five daughters and four gallant sons
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs, 120
With a most num'rous family beside,
Whom he alone, tho' old and blind, did guide:
Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
And to his business, like a bow, stood bent:
By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd, 125
He not a master but a monarch seem'd.
All his relations his admirers were;
His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear:
The order and the ancient discipline
Of Romans did in all his actions shine. 130

Authority kept up old Age secures,
Whose dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old Age approve,
But more the marks of Age in youth I love.
Who this observes may in his body find 135
Decrepit Age, but never in his mind.
The seven volumes of my own Reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome. 140
The Pontifical and the Civil law
I study still, and thence orations draw:
And, to confirm my memory, at night
What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
These exercises for my thoughts I find; 145
These labours are the chariots of my mind.
To serve my friends the Senate I frequent,
And there what I before digested vent;
Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs; 150
Which if I could not do, I should delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in such practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching Age,
Which by degrees invisibly doth creep;
Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep. 155

THE THIRD PART.

Now must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
Of pleasures which i' th' sea of Age are lost.
O thou most high transcendent gift of Age!
Youth from its folly thus to disengage.
And now receive from me that most divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine *,
Which at Tarentum I long since did hear,
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye Gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait? 10
Which he, with all designs of art or pow'r,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour :
And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
Intoxicating both by them, she finds, 15
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound;
Lust, Murder, 'Treason, Avarice, and hell
Itself broke loose, in Reason's palace dwell : 20
Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkness led.
But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with Age.
Age undermines, and will in time surprise 25
Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;

* Archytas, much praised by Horace.

And, join'd in league with strong Necessity,
Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
(Then Cenſor) from the Senate I displac'd : 30
When he in Gaul, a Conſul, made a feaſt,
A beauteous courtezan did him requeſt
To ſee the cutting off a priſ'ner's head ;
This crime I could not leave unpuniſhed,
Since by a private villany he ſtain'd 35
That public honour which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to pleaſures bent)
This ſeems an honour, not diſparagement.
We not all pleaſures like the Stoics hate,
But love and ſeek thoſe which are moderate. 40
(Tho' divine Plato thus of pleaſures thought,
'They uſe with hooks and baits like fiſhes caught.)
When Quæſtor, to the gods in public halls
I was the firſt who ſet up feſtivals :
Not with high taſtes our appetites did force, 45
But fill'd with converſation and diſcourſe ;
Which feaſts Convivial Meetings we did name ;
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their ſhame
Call'd it a Computation, not a feaſt,
Declaring the worſt part of it the beſt. 50
'Thoſe entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment :
But now I thank my Age, which gives me eaſe
From thoſe exceſſes ; yet myſelf I pleaſe

With cheerful talk to entertain my guests, 55
(Discourses are to Age continual feasts)
The love of meat and wine they recompense,
And cheer the mind as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
'The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young; 60
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in Age, some nat'ral motions are :
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want, 65
Which youth at full possesses; this I grant :
But Age seeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures? he reply'd, 70
"I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
"From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free."
But they whom pressing appetites constrain
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand, 75
As of an object new, and near at hand :
Tho' this stands more remote from Age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight :
As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd; 80
So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
Delighted with itself our Age doth rest.

No' part of life 's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge and new learning fed :
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease, 85
But those of Age ev'n with our years increase.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from surfeits our repose is found.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambassador from Rome to Pyrrhus sent, 90
He heard a grave philosopher maintain
That all the actions of our life were vain
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd ;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach, 95
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach,
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall,
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all. 100
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (tho' our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays ;
For whatsoever from our hand she takes, 105
Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it, 110

Which with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
85 Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
Which from the root thro' nerves and veins are sent;
Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows, 115
And, form receiving, doth itself disclose:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
90 Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd: 120
At Nature's godlike pow'r I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
95 The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'er shade a plain:
But thou, dear Vine! forbidd'st me to be long, 125
Altho' thy trunk be neither large nor strong;
Nor can thy head (not help'd) itself sublime,
100 Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb:
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine: 130
Tho' Nature gave not legs it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands:
105 As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of mortals springs.
But lest thou shouldst consume thy wealth in vain,
And starve thyself to feed a num'rous train, 136
Or like the bee, (sweet as thy blood) design'd
110 To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,

Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce, 140
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench :
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is raised, (call'd, a gem)
Whence in short space itself the cluster shows, 145
And from earth's moisture mix'd with sun-beams
I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste, [grows.
But summer doth, like Age, the sourness waste;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold secure,
Like virgins, sweet and beauteous, when mature. 150
On fruits, flow'rs, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell.
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the sev'ral natures of each earth, 155
What fruits from each most properly take birth;
And with what arts to enrich ev'ry mould,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate. 160
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came :
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule.
Nature herself doth from herself depart 165
(Strange transmigration!) by the pow'r of art.

How little things give law to great! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here ev'n the pow'r divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget, but to create. 170

Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.

Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For Age of what delights it speaks too much.)

Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered, 175
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,

Great Curius! his remaining days did spend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.

My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire. 180

The Samnites' chiefs, as by his fire he sat,
With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;

"Return," said he; "your gold I nothing weigh,
"When those who can command it me obey."

This my assertion proves he may be old, 185
And yet not fordid, who refuses gold.

In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.

What can in winter render more delight
Than the high sun at noon and fire at night? 190

While our old friends and neighbours feast and play,
And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,

Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent return t' our gods.

That honour and authority which dwells 195
With Age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe that I that Age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd. 200
That most unhappy Age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads.
Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent, 205
Must to our Age those happy fruits present.
Those things to Age most honourable are
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crowding attendance to and from the court : 210
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lyfander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest argument did raise,
That Sparta did with honour Age support, 215
Paying them just respect at stage and court :
But at proud Athens youth did Age outface,
Nor at the plays would rise or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great Age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage, 220
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,

195 Who thus his thanks returns, "Th' Athenians know
 "What's to be done; but what they know not do."
 Here our great Senate's orders I may quote, 225
 The first in Age is still the first in vote.
 Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command,
 200 In competition with great years may stand.
 Why should our youth's short transient pleasures dare
 With Age's lasting honours to compare? 230
 On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
 For acting here life's tragic comedy,
 205 The lookers-on will say we act not well,
 Unless the last the former scenes excel.
 But Age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous, 235
 Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious.
 But all those errors from our manners rise,
 210 Not from our years; yet some morosities
 We must expect, since jealousy belongs
 To Age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs: 240
 Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
 Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
 215 So the Twins' humours, in our Terence*, are
 Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
 Our nature here is not unlike our wine; 245
 Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
 So Age's gravity may seem severe,
 220 But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
 Of Age's avarice I cannot see
 What colour, ground, or reason, there should be:

* In his comedy called *Adelphi*.

Is it not folly when the way we ride 251
 Is short for a long voyage to provide?
 To avarice some title youth may own,
 To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
 And, with the providence of bees or ants, 255
 Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants:
 But Age scarce sows till Death stands by to reap,
 And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap:
 Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
 And to avoid a mischief makes it sure. 260
 Such madness as for fear of death to die,
 Is to be poor for fear of poverty. 262

THE FOURTH PART.

Now against (that which terrifies our Age)
 The last and greatest grievance we engage;
 To her grim Death appears in all her shapes,
 'The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
 Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd, 5
 Which either should be wish'd for or despis'd:
 This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
 'That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
 What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain
 Eternal life, or have no sense of pain? 10
 The youngest in the morning are not sure
 That till the night their life they can secure;
 'Their Age stands more expos'd to accidents
 Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:

Death's force (with terror) against Nature strives, 15
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.

From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise.

Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws and into cities brought. 20

Why only should the fear of death belong
To Age, which is as common to the young?

Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you,
Scipio, and me, this maxim makes too true.

But vig'rous youth may his gay thoughts erect 25

To many years, which Age must not expect.

But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd,
With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?

We happier are than they who but desir'd
To possess that which we long since acquir'd. 30

What if our age to Nestor's could extend?

'Tis vain to think that lasting which must end;

And when 't is past, not any part remains
Thereof but the reward which virtue gains.

Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past nor what's to come we know. 36

Our date, how short foe'er, must us content.

When a good actor doth his part present,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,

That at the last he may find just applause; 40

So tho' but short, yet we must learn the art

Of virtue on this stage to act our part.

True wisdom must our actions so direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect;
Yet grieve no more, tho' long that part should last,
'Than husbandmen because the spring is past. 46
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:
So Age a mature mellownefs doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat. 50
All things which Nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits, untimely crops:
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires, 55
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
But Age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent:
'Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port: 60
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then Death at his approach we shall contemn.
'Tho' to our heat of youth our Age seems cold, 65
Yet when resolv'd it is more brave and bold.
'Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded on what succour he rely'd
When with so few he boldly did engage?
He said he took his courage from his Age. 70

Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When, leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one 75
Makes the least vi'lent separation.

Yet tho' our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband. 80

Wife Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live;
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends not to bewail his funeral:
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend, 85
Which straight in immortality shall end.

In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space to Age it will remain;
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But tim'rous youth on this should meditate. 90
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little when his thoughts he recollects.

Our death (tho' not its certain date) we know,
Nor whether it may be this night or no.
How then can they contented live who fear 95
A danger certain, and none knows how near?
They err who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.

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Thee, Brutus! Rome's first martyr I must name;
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulf of flame; 100
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith which to his barb'rous foes he gave:
With the two Scipios did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conqu'ring Hannibal:
The great Marcellus (who restored Rome) 105
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew.
Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd, forbear?
Satiety from all things else doth come, 111
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires 115
To exercise their minds, our Age retires;
And when the last delights of Age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety.
Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,
Which I can well describe, for he stands near. 120
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know:
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd, 125
Our souls with heavy burdens lie oppress'd;

Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyfs, doth hide and drown,
A place fo dark to the celestial light
And pure eternal fire's quite oppofite. 130
The gods thro' human bodies did difperfe
An heav'nly foul to guide this univerfe,
That man, when he of heav'nly bodies faw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates fhew, 135
But to the old philofophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and thofe who came
With him, and from our country took their name,
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from gods, in mortal breasts did fhine. 140
Nor from my knowledge did the Ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of fouls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wifeft nam'd.)
Why fhould we doubt of that whereof our fenfe 145
Finds demonftration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can fo fwiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's paft collect. 150
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature but immortal can impart.
Man's foul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward caufe that motion owes;

And therefore that no end can overtake, 155
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake :
And since the matter of our soul is pure
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts which not among themselves agree,
Therefore it never can divided be ; 160
And Nature shews (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn ;
Ere they can speak they find so many ways 165
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days :
Before their thoughts they plainly can express ;
The words and things they know are numberless,
Which Nature only and no art could find,
But what she taught before she call'd to mind. 170
These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words :
" Fear not when I depart ; (nor therefore mourn)
" I shall be no where, or to nothing turn :
" That soul which gave me life was seen by none,
" Yet by the actions it design'd was known ; 175
" And tho' its flight no mortal eye shall see,
" Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
" That soul which can immortal glory give,
" To her own virtues must for ever live. 180
" Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
" Can to a mortal body be confin'd ?

- 155 "Tho' a foul foolish prison her immure
 "On earth, she (when escap'd) is wife and pure.
 "Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same 185
 "With beasts, and must return from whence it came;
 "But whence into our bodies reason flows,
 160 "None sees it when it comes, or where it goes.
 "Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
 "Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
 "When from their fleshly bondage they are free, 191
 "Then what divine and future things they see!
 165 "Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
 "And what they shall hereafter be declare."
 This noble speech the dying Cyrus made. 195
 Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade
 Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
 Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their
 Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul, [name,
 Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal; 200
 Nor I (for 't is permitted to the ag'd
 To boast their actions) had so oft' engag'd
 In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought
 That only Fame our virtuous actions bought: 176
 'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose 205
 Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
 Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
 180 After my death an happier life to find.
 Unless our souls from the immortals came,
 What end have we to seek immortal fame? 210

All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes, 215
Before she parts some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe; for were I on my way, 221
None should persuade me to return or stay.
Should some god tell me that I should be born
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race, 225
To be led back to my first starting-place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd.
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before; 230
Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home, I pass,
Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set-free, 235
That peaceful and divine assembly see:
Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own gallant virtuous Cato meet.

Nor did I weep when I to ashes turn'd
 His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
 I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend, 241
 Where his fix'd hopes our interview attend.
 Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
 From Age, which is of my delights the chief.
 My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd, 245
 (That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
 And if I err, no pow'r shall dispossess
 My thoughts of that expected happiness.
 Tho' some minute philosophers pretend 250
 That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
 If it be so I hold the safer side,
 For none of them my error shall deride;
 And if hereafter no rewards appear, 255
 Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
 If those who this opinion have despis'd,
 And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
 Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
 Too late will wish that me they had believ'd. 260
 If souls no immortality obtain,
 'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
 The same uneasiness which ev'ry thing
 Gives to our nature life must also bring.
 Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is Age, 265
 Acting too long upon this earth, her stage.
 Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
 That joy to you which it gives me 't will give. 266

OF PRUDENCE.

PREFACE

TO THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before. When I looked upon it I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation, which were Ben. Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was cotemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tass,

which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four cardinal virtues ; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury ; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first ; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first, Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

WISDOM's first progress is to take a view
 What's decent or indecent, false or true.
 He's truly prudent who can separate
 Honest from vile, and still adhere to that :
 'Their difference to measure and to reach
 Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach ;
 And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
 For man's all-searching and inquiring wit :
 'That search of knowledge did from Adam flow ;
 Who wants it yet abhors his wants to show. 5
 Wisdom of what herself approves makes choice,
 Nor is led captive by the common voice.
 Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
 And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
 'That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know, 10
 'To thee all her specific forms I'll show.
 He that the way to honesty will learn,
 First what's to be avoided must discern.

Thyself from flatt'ring self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know to know pretend. 20
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye;
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd thou after may'st repent :
Study and time in these must thee instruct, 25
And others' old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth weigh.
'Tis not secure this place or that to guard, 31
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd.
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith who could such ill events expect ? 35
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good whate'er they act believe.
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves. 40
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write, 45
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight ;

Then all they do like gold and pearl appears,
 And others' actions are but dirt to theirs.
 They that so highly think themselves above
 All other men, themselves can only love. 50
 Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
 O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
 25 Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
 Thou to thyself contributing too much)
 Those who are gen'rous, humble, just, and wise, 55
 Who nor their gold nor themselves idolize;
 To form thyself by their example learn,
 (For many eyes can more than one discern.)
 31 But yet beware of councils when too full,
 Number makes long disputes, and graveness dull: 60
 Tho' their advice be good, their counsel wise,
 Yet length still loses opportunities.
 35 Debate destroys dispatch, as fruits we see
 Rot when they hang too long upon the tree.
 In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow, 65
 If he his crop not in due season mow.
 A gen'ral sets his army in array
 In vain, unless he fight and win the day.
 'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
 Without which slow advice is little worth. 70
 Yet they who give good counsel praise deserve,
 Tho' in the active part they cannot serve.
 In action learned counsellors their age,
 Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.

Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd, 75
 Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;
 Yet vainly most their age in study spend;
 No end of writing books, and to no end:
 Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
 Whose knowledge nor delight nor profit brings; 80
 Themselves with doubts both day and night perplex,
 Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
 Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
 For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
 What need we gaze upon the spangled sky, 85
 Or into matter's hidden causes pry,
 To describe ev'ry city, stream, or hill,
 I th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
 What is 't to hear a sophister that pleads,
 Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads? 90
 If we were wise these things we should not mind,
 But more delight in easy matters find.
 Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
 To live and die is all we have to do:
 The way (if no digression's made) is even, 95
 And free access, if we but ask, is given.
 Then seek to know those things which make us blest
 And having found them lock them in thy breast:
 Inquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
 But mend thy pace, nor think of going back. 100
 Some their whole age in these inquiries waste,
 And die like fools before one step they 'ave past.

75 'Tis strange to know the way and not t' advance;
 That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
 The learned teach, but what they teach not do, 105
 And standing still themselves make others go.
 In vain on study time away we throw,
 When we forbear to act the things we know.
 The soldier that philosopher well blam'd
 Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd; 110
 "Tell," said the soldier, "venerable Sir!
 "Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
 85 "Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,
 "Whilst one says only yea, and t' other nay?"
 "Oh," said the Doctor, "we for wisdom toil'd, 115
 "For which none toils too much." The soldier smil'd;
 "You're gray and old, and to some pious use
 "This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
 90 "But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
 "For which th' infernal spirits shall you thank."
 Let what thou learnest be by practice shown; 121
 'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.
 What's good doth open to th' inquirer stand,
 And itself offers to th' accepting hand:
 All things by order and true measures done; 125
 Wisdom will end as well as she begun.
 Let early care thy main concerns secure,
 Things of less moment may delays endure.
 Men do not for their servants first prepare,
 And of their wives and children quit the care; 130

Yet when we 're sick the doctor's fetch'd in haste,
 Leaving our great concernment to the last.
 When we are well, our hearts are only set
 (Which way we care not) to be rich or great.
 What shall become of all that we have got? 131
 We only know that us it follows not;
 And what a trifle is a moment's breath
 Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
 What 's time, when on eternity we think?
 A thousand ages in that sea must sink. 140
 Time 's nothing but a word; a million
 Is full as far from infinite as one.
 To whom thou much dost owe thou much must pay;
 Think on the debt against th' accompting-day.
 God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent 145
 Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
 Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind;
 He 's mad that seeks what no man e'er can find.
 Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
 Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin? 150
 What thoughts man's reason better can become
 Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
 Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
 And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
 Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our sakes 155
 (That debt first paid) a strict account shall ask.
 If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
 Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.

Christ's blood 's our balsam; if that cure us here,
 Him, when our Judge, we shall not find severe; 160
 His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,
 But loads and galls, if on our necks 't is cast.
 Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
 With those that are not, never change thy mind.
 If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still, 165
 But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill.
 To the same end men sev'ral paths may tread,
 As many doors into one temple lead;
 And the same hand into a fist may close,
 Which instantly a palm expanded shows. 170
 Justice and faith never forsake the wise,
 Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
 Not turning like the wind, but if the state
 Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
 Things past and future with the present weighs, 175
 Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
 Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd;
 An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
 For many truths have often pass'd for lies,
 And lies as often put on truth's disguise: 180
 As flattery too oft' like friendship shows,
 So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
 No quick reply to dubious questions make;
 Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.
 When any great design thou dost intend, 185
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end:

All great concerns must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty; 190
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
Let thy discourse be such that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive.
Instruct the ignorant; to those that live 195
Under thy care good rules and patterns give:
Nor is 't the least of virtues to relieve.
'Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve: 200
'Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
'To thee; ev'n before friendship truth prefer.
'Than what thou mean'st to give still promise less:
Hold fast the pow'r thy promise to increase. 206
Look forward what's to come, and back what's past,
'Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success: 210
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent:
When our minds' eyes are disengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;

They quicken sloth, perplexities unty, 215
 Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify;
 And tho' our hands from labour are releas't,
 Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
 Search not to find how other men offend,
 But by that glass thy own offences mend; 220
 Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
 (So it be learning) or from whence it come.
 Of thy own actions others' judgments learn;
 Often by small great matters we discern.
 Youth what man's age is like to be doth show; 225
 We may our ends by our beginnings know.
 Let none direct thee what to do or say,
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway.
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight;
 First judge if those whom thou dost please judge right.
 Search not to find what lies too deeply hid, 231
 Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid;
 Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
 Standing, and whence no safe descent is found.
 In vain his nerves and faculties he strains 235
 To rise, whose raising unsecure remains.
 They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
 Are wise when they their measures can adjust.
 When well at ease, and happy, live content,
 And then consider why that life was lent. 240
 When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
 To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.

'Tho' all alone, yet nothing think or do
Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
'The highest hill is the most slipp'ry place, 243
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face;
And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high pow'r, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines. 250
More in prosperity is reason tost
'Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side-winds into safe harbours steer:
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast, 255
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
Who casts out threats and frowns no man deceives;
Time for resistance and defence he gives;
But flatt'ry still in sugar'd words betrays,
And poison in high-tasted meats conveys: 260
So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprise,
But when she frowns he arms, and her defies. 263

OF JUSTICE.

'Tis the first sanction Nature gave to man,
 Each other to assist in what they can;
 Just or unjust this law for ever stands;
 All things are good by law which she commands.
 The first step, man towards Christ must justly live, 5
 Who to' us himself, and all we have, did give.
 In vain doth man the name of Just expect,
 If his devotions he to God neglect.
 So must we rev'rence God, as first to know
 Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow. 10
 God those accepts who to mankind are friends,
 Whose Justice far as their own pow'r extends;
 In that they imitate the Pow'r divine;
 The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;
 And he that doth no good, altho' no ill, 15
 Does not the office of the just fulfil.
 Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer;
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear:
 We live not only for our ourselves to care,
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share. 20
 Wise Plato said the world with men was stor'd,
 That succour each to other might afford;
 Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
 But sev'ral parts to sev'ral men consign'd.

He that of his own stores no part can give, 25
May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee pow'rful, give defence,
'Gainst fraud and force, to naked innocence:
And when our Justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way. 30
First to our God we must with rev'rence bow;
'The second honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
'Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate. 36
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our Justice more compassion should extend:
'To such who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with int'rest should be paid. 40
As Hesiod sings, Spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 't will yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one
Mischief and wrong be to another done:
Such moderation with thy bounty join, 45
'That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine:
'That liberality's but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.
And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that's unjust to be a king. 50
Justice must be from violence exempt,
But fraud's her only object of contempt.

25 Fraud in the fox, force in the lion, dwells,
 But Justice both from human hearts expels;
 But he's the greatest monster (without doubt) 55
 Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
 Nor only ill injurious actions are,
 30 But evil words and slanders bear their share.
 'Truth Justice loves, and truth injustice fears;
 Truth above all things a just man reveres. 60
 'Tho' not by oaths we God to witness call,
 He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
 And yet our attestations we may wrest
 36 Sometimes, to make the truth more manifest.
 If by a lie a man preserve his faith, 65
 He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;
 Or if I break my promise, which to thee
 Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
 40 All things committed to thy trust conceal,
 Nor what's forbid by any means reveal. 70
 Express thyself in plain not doubtful words,
 That ground for quarrels or disputes affords.
 45 Unless thou find occasion hold thy tongue;
 Thyself or others careless talk may wrong.
 When thou art called into public pow'r, 75
 And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
 Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;
 50 Small praise from len'ty and remissness comes:
 Crimes pardon'd others to those crimes invite,
 Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright. 80

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt.
Who accuse rigour make a gross mistake;
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make.
When Justice on offenders is not done, 85
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire
T' unlock the gates and set the town on fire.
Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed: 90
Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not glad,
Such spectacles, tho' they are just, are sad;
Tho' what thou dost thou ought'st not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent.
Rather than all must suffer some must die; 95
Yet Nature must condole their misery:
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn and those absolve.
Justice when equal scales she holds is blind;
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind. 100
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if she catch a common bee or fly, 105
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords, like Samson, and escape:

So like a fly the poor offender dies,
 But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies. 110
 Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
 The punishment beyond the crime extend,
 Or after warning the offence forget;
 So God himself our failings doth remit.
 Expect not more from servants than is just; 115
 Reward them well if they observe their trust;
 Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
 Since God and Nature them our brothers made:
 If his offence be great let that suffice;
 If light forgive; for no man's always wise. 120

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that absterfive tree
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her nest,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest, 5
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other pris'ner they contest;
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to exprefs; 10
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards Pensive Chefs.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons his Trojans taught this sport, 15
To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops' heads like knights. 20



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